

Creme De La Creme

Peter Murphy

We joined this land
Where they paint the ice
To find the new
We thrown saturn dice
We dream in gold
And Simurg blue
Crème de la Crème
It's to death adieu

Now, we're laying
On new waves
Our guns have lost
Their victims' names
Our concrete minds
Have turned to dust
Angelic police
Have killed our lust

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On new waves
Our guns have lost
Their victims' names
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Tidal overflow
Reads the sign
The secret soul
Is all that shines
We sing our praise
In model tones
And Dorian's mirror
We do not own

We're being lit by
The shining One
Out of ourselves
To ourselves we've gone
We click the heels
Of our glitter, red shoes
Crème de la Crème
It's to death adieu

[illegible]

Out of ourselves
Out of ourselves
Out of ourselves
Out of ourselves

Oo
The secret soul
The secret soul
The secret soul
Oo
Oo
Oo